CHAPTER IX

There was always much fingering of a subject at McClure's before one of the staff was told to go ahead. The original hint might come from Mr. McClure's overflowing head and pocket, Mr. Phillips' note books, as much a part of him as his glasses, the daily mail, the chance word of a caller, well we all turned in our pickings. They must concern the life of the day, that which was interesting people. An idea once launched grew until fixed on somebody and once started it continued to grow according to the response of readers. No response - no more chapters. A healthy response - as many chapters as the material justified.

It was by this process that my next long piece of work came into being - The History of the Standard Oil Company.

The deluge of monopolistic trusts which had followed the close of the Spanish-American War and the "return of prosperity" was disturbing and confusing people. It was contrary to their philosophy, their belief that given free opportunity, free competition, there would always be brains and energy enough to prevent even the ablest leader monopolizing
an industry. What was interfering with the free play of the forces in which they trusted? They had been depending on the Federal Anti-trust law passed ten years before. Was it quite useless? It looked that way.

There was much talk in the office about it and there came to the top finely the idea of using the story of a typical trust to illustrate how and why the clan grew. How about the mother of them all - the Standard Oil Company?

I suppose I must have talked rather freely about my own recollections and impressions of its development. It had been a strong thread weaving itself into the pattern of my life from childhood on.

I had come into the world just before the discovery of oil, the land on which I was born not being over thirty miles away from that first well. The discovery had shaped my father's life, rescuing him as it did thousands of others from the long depression which had devastated the '50's. I had grown up with oil derricks, oil tanks, pipe lines, refineries, oil exchanges. I remembered what had happened in the Oil Regions in 1872 when the railroads and an outside group of refiners attempted to seize what many men had created. It was my first experience in revolution. On the instant the word became holy to me. It was your privilege and duty to fight injustice. I was much elated when not so long afterwards I first fell on Rousseau's "Social Contract" and read his defense of the right to revolt.
I had been only dimly conscious of what had happened in the decade following the decade in which the Standard Oil Company had completed its monopoly. It was the effect on the people about me that stirred me, the hate and suspicion and fear that engulfed the community. I had been so deeply stirred by this human tragedy that I had made a feasible and ineffectual attempt to catch it, fix it in a novel.

The drama continued to unfold while I was abroad, came into our very household when a partner of my father ruined by the complex situation shot himself leaving father with notes. To pay them it was necessary in the panic of '93 to do what in his modest economy was unsound and humiliating — mortgage our home. While the personal tragedies came in my mother's letters my brother wrote me vivid accounts of what was going on in the outside oil world, of the slow action of the Interstate Commerce Commission from which all independents had hoped so much, of businesses ruined while they waited for the decision; of the Ohio suit which drove the trust to reorganization, a legal victory which in no way weakened its hold or crippled its growth. Depressing as this was I was elated by my brother's reports of the growing strength of a strongly integrated co-operative effort of producers, refiners, transporters, marketers. The only escape possible for those who would do independent business, he argued ably, was building their own combination depending less on agitation, politics, legislation, more on sound business, right if necessary but above all do business.
While I was still in Paris this clutter of recollections, impressions, indignations, perplexities, was crystallized into something like a pattern by Henry D. Lloyd's brilliant, "Wealth against Commonwealth." I had been hearing about the book from home but the first copy was brought me by my English friend, J. Wickham Steed, who fresh from two year's contact with German socialism took the work with seriousness. was not this a conclusive proof that capitalism was necessarily inconsistent with fair and just economic life? Was not socialism the only way out as Lloyd thought?

I was more simple-minded about it. As I saw it it was not capitalism but an open disregard of decent ethical business practices by capitalists which was at the bottom of the story Mr. Lloyd told so dramatically.
The account in "Our Village" tells a similar story of a boy growing up in a small village in the countryside. The village is so much loved and cherished by everyone who has grown up there.

The setting of "Our Village" is a small rural town, where the author describes the simple and peaceful life of the villagers. The story is filled with vivid descriptions of the village and its inhabitants, painting a picture of a community that is self-sufficient and tightly knit.

The village is characterized by its close-knit community, where everyone knows each other and helps each other out in times of need. The author describes how the village is run by a group of elderly men who make decisions for the community. The village is also known for its beautiful scenery and the peaceful life that its inhabitants lead.

Overall, "Our Village" is a heartwarming account of a boy growing up in a small rural town, where the community is close-knit and the life is simple and peaceful. The story is a reminder of the beauty of rural life and the importance of community and tradition.
This woman of unusual intelligence, loyalty and of truly Spartan courage was a precious addition to the crowd. Ill health, threatened blindness, never lowered her enthusiasm, her ceaseless effort to find the best, to give the best.

The most brilliant addition to the McClure staff in my time came in 1901 when J. Lincoln Steffins joined us. He had made himself felt in the journalistic and political life of New York City by an entirely fresh form of reportorial attack. Young, handsome, a good academic back-ground and two years of foreign study, Steffins began his professional life unencumbered by journalistic shibboleths and with an immense curiosity as to what was going on about him. He was soon puzzled and fascinated by the relations of police and politicians, politicians and the law, law and city officials, city officials and business, business and church, education, society, the press. Apparently groups from each of these categories worked together supporting one and another, an organization close compact loyal from fear or self-interest of both. It was because of this organization Steffins concluded that graft and vice and crime were established industries of the city. Attacks of outraged virtue had slowed up the system at intervals ever since the Civil War, but never permanently. A few rascals might be exterminated but they were soon replaced. The system had bred new rascals, grown stronger and more cunning with time. He set out to trace its pattern. Incridiably outspoken, taking rascality for granted, apparently
never shocked nor angry nor violent, only coolly determined to demonstrate to men and women of goodwill and honest purpose what they were up against and warn them that the only way they could hope to grapple with a close corporation devoted to what there was in it was by an equally solid corporation devoted to decent and honest government, business, law, education, religion. First as a reporter and later as the city editor of "The Globe" Steffins stirred the town.

It was entirely in harmony with the McClure method of staff building that this able fearless innocent should be marked for absorption. He was persuaded to take the editing of the magazine now in its tenth year and steadily growing in popularity and influence. He was to be the great executive—the editorial head that would shift some of the burden from the shoulders of Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips. But the machine was running smoothly even if with little outward excitement. Steffins made a brave effort to adjust himself to the established order, to learn the situation. Naturally he took Mr. McClure's meteoric goings and comings, his passionate and often despairing efforts to make his staff "see" what he did, his cries that the magazine was stale, dying, more seriously than those of us who had been longer together. He seems to have been bewildered by what went in on the excited staff meetings held whenever Mr. McClure came in from a foraging expedition. I had come to look on Mr. McClure's returns as the most genuinely creative moment of our magazine life.
meat of a man or event, his vivid imagination, his necessity of discharging on the group at once before they were cold his observations, intuitions, ideas, experiences, made the gatherings on his return amazingly stimulating to me. Sifting, examining, verifying, following up, were all necessary. Mr. McClure understood that and trusted John Phillips to see that it was done but he properly fought for his findings. In his "Autobiography" Steffins credits me with a tact in our editorial scrimmages which I do not deserve. It is true, as he says, that I was the friend of each and all, but what I was interested in was seeing the magazine grow in delight and in importance. I knew our excited discussions were really creative. They also were highly entertaining.

It was in this unsatisfied seeking by Mr. McClure for more and more of contemporary life than the magazine was getting that Lincoln Steffins' chief contribution to it and to the political life of his period had its root. Mr. McClure's fixed conviction that great editing was not to be done in the office he finally applied to Steffins who was bravely struggling there to become the great editor he had been called to be.

"You can't learn to edit a magazine in the office," Mr. McClure told him. "Get out, go anywhere, everywhere, go to Chicago." And so Steffins went to Chicago and from Chicago to Minneapolis and from Minneapolis to St. Louis and from St. Louis to Pittsburg. The result was his "Shame of the cities." The McClure method may have been, was frequently, difficult to follow, puzzling in its meaning, but it was productive of real wealth.
Some little time before Steffins was added to the staff my own part in the effort to bring the magazine into closer touch with the problems stirring the country at the end of the Spanish American War had been decided upon. At the top of the pile of questions which were disturbing and confusing people was the Trust. Where was it spawned? What kept it alive? It was contrary to the philosophy of the common man who believed that given free opportunity, free competition, there would always be brains and energy enough to prevent even the ablest leader monopolizing an industry. What was interfering with the free play of the forces in which he trusted?

There was much talk in the office about it and there came to the top finely the idea of using the story of a typical trust to illustrate how and why the clan grew. How about the mother of them all - the Standard Oil company? Well, here I could be suggestive. I had a conviction that it was a product of control of transportation, a control always contrary to Democratic notions as well as to common law and for ten years now contrary to federal law. But to tell the story so that people would read it was another matter. Mr. Phillips finally put it up to me to make an outline of what I thought possible. I didn't think much of it myself as a practical scheme for our type of magazine and I don't think he did. We couldn't go ahead without Mr. McLure's approval and he was ill and in Europe with all his family.

"Go oh," said John Phillips, "show the outline to Sam, get his decision." And so in the summer of 1890 I went to
Divonne in Switzerland to talk it over with Mr. McClure. A week would do it I thought, but I hadn't reckoned with the McClure method. "Don't worry about it. I want to think it over. Mrs. McClure and you and I will go to Greece for the winter. You've never been there. We can discuss Standard Oil in Greece as well as here. If it seems a good plan you can send for your documents and work in the Pantheon." And so before I realized it we were headed for Greece via the Italian Lakes, Milan and Venice, but in Milan Mr. McClure suddenly decided that he and Mrs. McClure needed a cure before Greece and he headed for the ancient watering place of Salsomaggiore where in the interval of mud baths and steam soaks and watching such magnificent human beings as Cecil Rhodes and his revenue recruiting from their latest African War we finally came to a decision. I was to go back to New York and see what I could make of the outline I had been expounding. Greece was to be abandoned.

Leaving Mr. & Mrs. McClure to finish their cure I headed for New York to write what as far as title was concerned certainly looked like a doubtful enterprise for a magazine like McClure's - A History of the Standard Oil Company.
CHAPTEIR

SECTION

By part in the effort to bring McClure's Magazine into closer touch with the serious problems stirring in the country had been decided upon late in 1900. I was to tackle the monopolistic trust. It stood at the top of the pile of questions disturbing and confusing the people at the time.

The outbreak of what looked like monopoly came at the end of the Spanish War and there was bewilderment and much resentment.

XXXXXX was the Federal Anti-trust law passed ten years before quite useless? It looked that way. What kept it alive?

It was contrary to the philosophy of the common man who believed that given free opportunity, free competition, there would always be brains and energy enough to prevent even the ablest leader monopolizing an industry. What was interfering with the free play of the forces in which he trusted? They had been.

There was much talk in the office about it and there came to the top finely the idea of using the story of a typical trust to illustrate how and why the clan grew. How about the mother of them all - the Standard Oil Company.

I suppose I must have talked rather freely about my own recollections and impressions of the organization development of the oil industry. It had been a steady trend towards...
I had come into the world just before the discovery of oil, the land on which I was born not being over thirty miles away from that first well. The discovery had shaped my father's life, rescuing him as it did thousands of others from the long depression which had devastated the '50's. I had grown up with oil derricks, oil tanks, pipe lines, refineries, oil exchanges. I had been old enough to sense the injustice of the first attempt to monopolize the business. I remembered what had happened in the Oil Regions in 1872 when the railroads and an outside group of refiners attempted to seize what many men had created. It was my first experience in revolution. On the instant the word became holy to me. It was your privilege and duty to fight injustice. I was much elated when not so long afterwards I first fell on Rousseau's "Social Contract" and read his defense of the right to revolt.
While I was still in Paris this clutter of recollections, impressions, indignations, perplexities, was crystallized into something like a pattern by Henry D. Lloyd’s brilliant, "Wealth against Commonwealth." I had been hearing about the book from home but the first copy was brought me by my English friend, J. Wickham Steed, who fresh from two year’s contact with German socialism took the work with seriousness. Was not this a conclusive proof that capitalism was necessarily inconsistent with fair and just economic life? Was not socialism the only way out? An Lloyd Leje

I was more simple-minded about it. As I saw it it was not capitalism but an open disregard of decent ethical business practices by capitalists which was at the bottom of the story Mr. Lloyd told so convincingly.

Steed was a little too impressed with Karl Marx’s contention that ethics and humanitarism have nothing to do with economic development to take my argument seriously. The education in decency for which I argued, the social ostracism I believed people of sound standards ought to exercise, seemed to him utterly inadequate. We talked it over with Seignobos, but Seignobos was not excited about the operations of the Standard Oil Company in America. Everybody knew all about that. "That’s the way capitalists have always worked in all countries in all times."

Steed was inclined to think Lloyd an epic making work. "The only epic making book which has come out of America
them live, to create the drama which I felt? One must be an
artist before he can create — that I knew. I was no artist.

Mr. McClure's call to come on and write a life
of Napoleon put an end to my hesitations and Napoleon done
there had been Lincoln and the Spanish American war - no time
to consider oil, even rejoice over the final success of the
integrated industry to which my brother had tied his fortune.
Beside my mind was by this time completely committed to facts.
In them lay the world's tragedies and comedies; they told what
life was like, how men behaved, what hindered and what helped them
in their pathetic efforts to find peace, security, happiness.
The only contribution that I was equipped to make to the present
bewilderment over what made a monopoly and what it did to men
when it was made, was to gather the facts, sift and select them,
fit them together in logical order, let them tell the story. I
thought I could do it with a cool and unprejudiced mind, but could
It? What about the convictions with which I was beginning, the
fruit of my background? Were they liable to get in my way?
The one and the strongest was my contempt for the illegal and
immoral privileges and practices which I believed had gone into
the making of the Standard Oil Company.

Along with this contempt went a very honest
admiration for the imagination, the sense of order, the steadiness
of purpose, the variety of abilities which also had gone into the
But what about the old untimonious, the old untimonious lady? She was the one who had built the last thing. She had built it all. She had built it all.

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The untimonious lady, she was the one who had built it all. She had built it all. She had built it all.
But here I was again faced with the old interest. The desire to do something about it, get down what I had seen seized me. Was it possible to treat the story historically, to make it a documented narrative? The more I talked the more I convinced I was that it could be done. The story in itself was enough. But to tell the story so that people would read it was another matter. Mr. Phillips finally put it up to me to make an outline of what I thought possible. We couldn't go ahead without Mr. McClure's approval and he was ill in Europe with all his family.

"Go over," said John Phillips, "show the outline to Sam, get his decision." And so in the summer of 1890 I went to Lausanne in Switzerland to talk it over with Mr. McClure. A week would do it I thought, but I hadn't reckoned with the McClure method.

"Don't worry about it. I want to think it over. Mrs. McClure and you and I will go to Greece for the winter. You've never been there. We can discuss Standard Oil in Greece as well as here. If it seems a good plan you can send for your documents and work in the Pantheon." And he chuckled at the picture.

Almost before I realized it we were headed for Greece via the Italian Lakes, Milan and Venice. In Milan Mr. McClure suddenly decided that he and Mrs. McClure needed a cure before Greece and we headed for the ancient watering place of Salsomaggiore. Here in the interval of mud baths and steam soaks and watching such magnificent humans as Cecil Rhodes and his
revenue recruiting from their latest African adventure we finally came to a decision. I was to go back to New York and see what I could make of the outline I had been expounding. Greece was to be abandoned.

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"McClure's had courage." How often that remark was made after our undertaking was under way. But courage implies a suspicion of danger ahead. Nobody thought of such a thing in our office. We were undertaking what we regarded as a legitimate piece of historical work. We were neither apologist or critic, only journalists intent on discovering what had gone into the making of this most perfect of all monopolies. What had we to be afraid of?

I soon discovered, however, that if I was not afraid I must work in a field where men and women were afraid, believed in the all-seeing eye and the all-powerful reach of the ruler of the oil industry. They believed that nobody would be allowed to go ahead with a project in any way objectionable to the Standard Oil Company without direct or indirect attack. Examination of their method had always been objectionable to them. "Go ahead and they will get you in the end," I was told by more than one who had come to the conclusion either from long
observation or long suffering.

Even my father said, "Don't do it Ida, they will ruin the magazine."

It was a persistent fog of suspicion and doubt and fear. From the start this fog hampered in what was my first business, making sure I had full documentary material.

I had supposed it would be easy to locate the records of the important investigation and cases but I found I had been too trustful. For instance, there was a federal investigation dating back as far as 1872 of the first attempt to make a hard and fast alliance between oil bearing railroads and oil refiners, an alliance which inevitably would kill everybody not admitted, since by the contract the railroads allowed the privileged refiners not only a rebate on all their shipments but paid them a drawback on those of independents. It also agreed to give them full information about the quantity and the destination of their rival shipments. The South Improvement Company, the scheme was called.

Where could I get a copy of that investigation? More than one cynic said, "You'll never find one, they have all been destroyed." When I had located copies in each of two private collections I was refused permission to put my hands on them. Thus at the start I ran against a suspicion of what I was trying to do, a complete scepticism of my ability to be fair-minded whatever my resolve. I was not long in finding that fair-mindedness meant complete agreement with the point of view of the one interested. There was no other side for a friend or enemy of the Standard Oil Company. To be sure there was a third party but it was wary - "not to be quoted" - and completely skeptical about the usefulness of what I proposed.
However, I found the pamphlet, and I have it still, one of the only three which I personally know to be in existence. I am not supposing that there are not others for I quickly learned when I was told that the entire edition of a printed document had been destroyed to go on looking. Once in print somewhere, sometime, a copy turns up however small the edition.

There was the important Hepburn investigation of the relations of railroads and private industries made by the State of New York in 1879. I could not find a copy in the Oil Regions where I was working. The Standard had destroyed them all I was told. At that time there was in the Public Library of New York City one of the ablest of American bibliographers—Adelaide Masse. She had helped me more than once to find a scarce document.

"How about this Hepburn investigation?" I asked. Promptly she wrote that while the committee was sitting an edition of one hundred copies had been published in five big volumes for the use of counsel and witnesses. It was a scarce piece, Miss Masse said. She had known of a complete set selling for $100.00. She doubted if another complete set could be made up. "It was understood at the time," she explained, "that one or two important railroad presidents whose testimony was given before the committee bought up and destroyed as many sets as they could obtain." That might be but the five volumes were in the New York Public Library for my use whenever I would come around.
In the end all the printed documents were located. But there were the unprinted testimony taken in law suits. Had incriminating testimony been spirited away from the court files? Henry Lloyd made such an accusation in his first edition of "Wealth vs. Common Wealth." It disappeared from a second edition. I wrote to ask him, "Why?" "The testimony was put back after my book first appeared," he answered. I was particularly anxious to have the original of that document but when I came to look for it it was not in the files. Where was it?

I had not been long at this effort to locate and interpret documents before I found that I had put my hands to something too heavy for me to pull alone, if I was to begin in any reasonable time to turn results to my editor's desk. Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips were most patient and generous and as I talked things over with them from week to week in the informal fashion of the office they grew more and more interested apparently in what I was doing, more and more confident that in the end we would get something worth while. When I asked for an assistant in Ohio which had so long been the head-quarters of the Standard Oil Company and where so many law suits and investigations had centered I was told to find one.

I had learned that an assistant, even if faithful and hard working, may be an incumbrance when it comes to investigation. It needs more than accuracy; it needs enthusiasm for finding out things, solving puzzles - anybody's puzzles. I wanted a young man with college training, a year or two of experience as a reporter,
was I to locate it? And if I did succeed would there be any chance judging from past experience that it would be turned over to me? I saw that I must have an assistant, someone preferably in Cleveland, Ohio, where so many years/the headquarters of operations, examinations, law suits. It meant more expense and I was already costing the office an amount which shocked my Mrs. Moultrie and Mr. Phillips, however, seemed more and more confident that in the end we would get something worth while told me to go ahead.

I had learned in my Lincoln work that an assistant See Page 267
Henry Rogers was a man of about sixty at this
time, a striking figure, one of the most striking in Wall Street, he
was tall, muscular, with a trace of the early oil adventurer in his
bearing in spite of his air of authority, his excellent grooming.
his manner of the quick-witted naturally adaptable man who has
seen much of the world. I liked this trace of his early life
in him. He had a large, rather square face, good color, the
mouth which I fancy must have been flexible, capable both of
firm decision and gay laughter, was concealed by a white drooping
moustache. His eyes were large and dark narrowed a little by
cautions, capable of blazing as I was to find out afterward shaded
by heavy gray eyebrows giving distinction and force to his face.

I remember thinking as I tried to get my bearings,
now I understand why Mark Twain likes him so much. They are
alike even in appearance. They have the bond of early similar
experiences – Mark Twain in Nevada, Henry Rogers in the early oil
regions.

"When and where did your interest in oil begin,"
he asked. In Rogers' can be read now—a full ring in my
face. "I started.

"On the flats and hills of Houseville," I told him.

"Of course," he cried, "of course. Garbell's
Tank Shops. I knew your father. I could put my finger on the
spot where those shops stood."

We were off. We forgot our serious business and
talked of our early days on the Creek. Mr. Rogers told me how
the news of the oil excitement had drawn him from his boyhood home
in New England, how he had found his way to Rouseville, gone into refining, married and built himself a home on a hillside adjoining ours.

"It was a little white house," he said, "with a high peaked roof.

"Oh, I remember it," I cried, "the prettiest house in the world I thought it." It was my first approach to the Gothic arch.

we re-constructed the geography of our neighborhood, lingering over the charm of the narrow ravine which separated our hillsides, a path on each side.

"Up that path," Mr. Rogers told me, "I used to carry our washing every Monday morning and go for it every Saturday night. Probably I've seen you hunting flowers on your side of the ravine. How beautiful it was; I was never happier."

Could two strangers each a little wary of the other have had a more auspicious beginning for a serious talk? - for what followed was serious with moments of strain.

"What are you basing your story on?" he asked finally.

"On documents. I am beginning with the South Improvement Company."

He broke in to say, "Well, that of course was an outrageous business. That is where the Rockefeller's made their big mistake."
"Give me the money," I told him, "and I will furnish the nerve. We simply racked in the money," making a gesture with both hands. "And of course it came out of the producer."

"That is what my father always said," I told him. "One of the severest lectures he ever gave me came from one of those booms in the market which sent everybody in the Oil Regions crazy, for which I suppose you were responsible. I remember a day when the schools were practically closed because all the teachers in Titusville were on the street or in the Oil Exchange -- everybody speculating. I was in High School, the fever caught me, and I asked father for $100.00 to try my luck in the market. He was as angry with me as I ever saw him. 'No daughter of mine,' he said, etc., etc."

"Wise man," Mr. Rogers commented.

"But it was not because he was so cautious," I said. "It was because he thought it was morally wrong. He would no more have speculated in the stock market than he would have played poker for money."

"I always play poker when the market is closed," said Mr. Rogers. "I can't help it. Saturday afternoons I almost always make up a poker party and every now and then John Gates up in the market.

and I rig something. He'll come around and say, 'Henry, isn't it about time we started something?' We usually did."

All of these talks were informal, natural. Only now and then did one of us flare remembering the serious purpose of our discussion. We even argued with entire friendliness so
"Give me the money, " I said, "and I will return the nerve."

we simply broke in the money, writing a check with part inside.

"And of course it came out of the paycheck."

"That is what I meant by a check, " I said, "I paid him.

one of the essential features of a check is the check. When you give me one of
space room to the market without some excitement in the off region.

"Also, when I approve your name on the check."

get when the checks are written. You can never get one of

effect of the checks on the market, without some excitement in the off region.

"You say you believe you can return the nerve."

He said, "No, with the nerve, I can't say it."

"I mean, " It Rogers commented.

"And what is my heart, sincerely desired the subject."

At a time, a hypodermic needle, which was to

lead to what is the nerve of a sickening

"I think it's a joke, " I said.

Rogers replied, "We have enough with our files."

"After a time, " It Rogers commented.

"I can't help it, " said Rogers. "It's an issue I must go through."

"I mean, " It Rogers. It may be the heart of the nerve."

"I mean, " It Rogers. It's not going to be in the market.

and the information. He'll come anyway and say, "Hey, I see.

"At a time, those facts may indeed, mean..."
debatably a matter as the worst thing the Standard Oil Company had ever done.

Mr. Rogers not only produced documents and arguments he produced people with whom I wanted to talk. The most important was Henry Flagler who had been in on the South Improvement Company, that early deal with the railroads which had started the Standard Oil Company off on the road to monopoly. There had always been a controversy as to who had suggested that fine scheme. Mr. Flagler was in it. What did he know? Mr. Rogers arranged that I talk with him.

Henry Flagler was not an acceptable figure even to Wall Street in those days. There were scandals of his private life which true or not his fellow financiers did not like. I found him a very different type from Henry Rogers. He knew what I had come for but instead of answering my direct questions he began to tell me with some show of emotion of his own early life, how he had left home because his father was a poor clergyman – $400.00 a year, a large family of children. He had not succeeded until he went into the commission business with Mr. Rockefeller in Cleveland. "And from that time we were prospered," he said piously. In the long story he told me the phrase, "We were prospered," came in again and again. That was not what I was after. Their prosperity was obvious enough. Finally I returned with some irritation to the object of my visit.
A man's guard

Hoped we could make up a dollar a week. 

"He would do me out of a dollar a week, " he said.

"Do it tomorrow," said a boy. 

A man's guard
independent shipments from the railroads. I have come on repeated charges that the practice continues. What about it? Do you follow independent shipments? Do you stop them? Do you have the help of Railroad shipping clerks in the operation?"

"Of course we do everything we legally and fairly can to find out what our competitors are doing, just as you do in McClure's Magazine," Mr. Rogers answered. "But as for any such system of tracking and stopping, as you suggest, that is nonsense. How could we do it even if we would?"

"Well," I said, "give me everything you have on this point."

He said he had nothing more than what he had already told me.

Nothing that I had taken up in the course of the investigation disgusted me as much as this espionage system. It was so unworthy of the powerful creatures they were. It seemed a confession of inward panic as well as utter indifference to other men's rights. No article that I wrote gave me the same disgust. The material produced a profound impression on the office. These were the things that were not done.

As I have said, the article came out just before I was to see Mr. Rogers on what I hoped would be the last of the Buffalo Case. The only time in all my relations with him when I saw his face white with rage was when I met the appointment he had made. Our interview was short. "Where did you get that stuff?" he said angrily, pointing to the magazine on the table.
I have come on

important information from the telephone. I have never been

interested enough in the business connection. What sort of

are you fellow important information? To you each

have the part of telling surprising stories to the company

same. Particularly on Cleveland and demoralized from Sidney

impossible and are fact. I am inquirability

and headed presently. The latest of that

was \\

true. He made me realize the thing in a

drama. I see better attired and

Alcohol.

statement that I have learned to the camera of the

transformation changing us now as to our conscious changes.

It was on account of the perfect continuity that came. It seemed

a complication of leaving home and well as after involvement to

afterwards. There's right. We must make it clear as the

descriptive. The important accuracy, a becoming influence on the

It is true. The trouble isn't that were we can.

As I have seen, the activities come out that altered.

may be. - How do I report on what I know? Money to the head of the

writing case. The only time to fill the sitation with the man I

see the face with this, can I wear the appropriate to my

nose. and information are great. There are ten feet for that article

be any security. Nothing to the warning on the people.